

RAGGEDY ANN

IN THE

SNOW WHITE CASTLE



By

JOHNNY GRUELLE

All These Books About

RAGGEDY ANN and RAGGEDY ANDY

42044

Johnny Gruelle's famous stories of these lovable dolls have amused and fascinated millions of children and will continue to do so as long as imagination, action and brilliant color retain their power to interest and amuse. These volumes are ideal gifts for any child.

Raggedy Ann Stories

Raggedy Andy Stories

Raggedy Ann in the Magic Book

Raggedy Ann and the Golden Butterfly

Raggedy Ann and Andy and the Nice
Fat Policeman

Raggedy Ann in the Deep Deep Woods

Raggedy Ann in Cookie Land

My Very Own Fairy Stories

Friendly Fairies

Raggedy Ann and the Camel with the
Wrinkled Knees

Raggedy Ann's Wishing Pebble

Beloved Belindy

Raggedy Ann and Betsy Bonnet String

Raggedy Ann in the Snow White Castle

Raggedy Ann and the Hobby Horse

Raggedy Ann and the Golden Ring

Raggedy Ann and the Happy Meadow

Raggedy Ann and the Wonderful
Witch

Raggedy Ann's Lucky Pennies

Raggedy Ann's Magical Wishes

Marcella

Wooden Willie

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC.

A Subsidiary of Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc.

Publishers • INDIANAPOLIS • KANSAS CITY • NEW YORK

\$2.95

DATE DUE

Q. VAL B 10 20 '82
 DORR F 1 17 '83
 SEIAD B 2 25 '83
 DORR 8 30 '84

42044

F

Gru

c.1

AUTHOR

Gruelle, Johnny

E. S. E. A.

Title II

Phase One

Raggedy Ann in the Snow White

TITLE

Castle

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

MONTA E 4 29 '75

FT. JOB 9 11 '75

BUTTE C 3 8 '76

KLA R D 10-6 '76

GAZ B 9 13 '77

MONTA G 12 1 '77

WIL C 14/6 '78

F

Gru

c.1

Gruelle, Johnny

Raggedy Ann in the
Snow White Castle

42044

E. S. E. A.

Title II

Phase One

Siskiyou County
Schools Library



RAGGEDY ANN

IN THE

**SNOW WHITE
CASTLE**

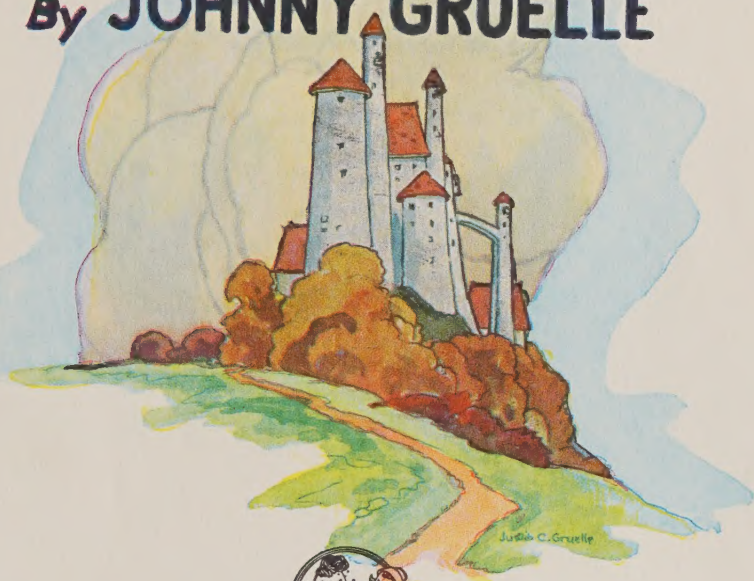




RAGGEDY ANN

IN THE SNOW WHITE CASTLE

By JOHNNY GRUELLE



THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC.
A SUBSIDIARY OF HOWARD W. SAMS & CO., INC.
Publishers • INDIANAPOLIS • NEW YORK

Siskiyou County
Schools Library

E. S. E. A.
Title II
Phase One

COPYRIGHT, 1946, BY
THE JOHNNY GRUELLE COMPANY
All Rights Reserved

COPYRIGHT GREAT BRITAIN, 1946

All rights in this work are
the property of
The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

1960

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To
Margaret





Chapter One

THE Golden Ring came rolling and bouncing down the hill, striking stones and jumping high in the air.

At one side of the path that runs through the deep, deep woods stands a high bank. When the Golden Ring reached the edge of the bank it gave a great leap in the air and struck Raggedy Ann right in the middle of her soft, cotton-stuffed back.

Of course this did not hurt Raggedy Ann even a teeny weeny bit. Raggedy Ann is stuffed with nice white cotton you know, which is so soft and lippy that even a real-for-sure hard bump could not hurt her. Still, when the jumping Ring struck Raggedy Ann, it toppled her over and she went head-over-heels down the bank and through the bushes.

Raggedy Andy, who had been standing beside Raggedy Ann, looked after her in surprise. He had heard the soft thump when the jumping Golden Ring struck Raggedy Ann, and, as Raggedy Ann went tumbling down the bank and through the bushes, he saw a small shiny something go

weaving in and out among the dry leaves as it rolled after her.

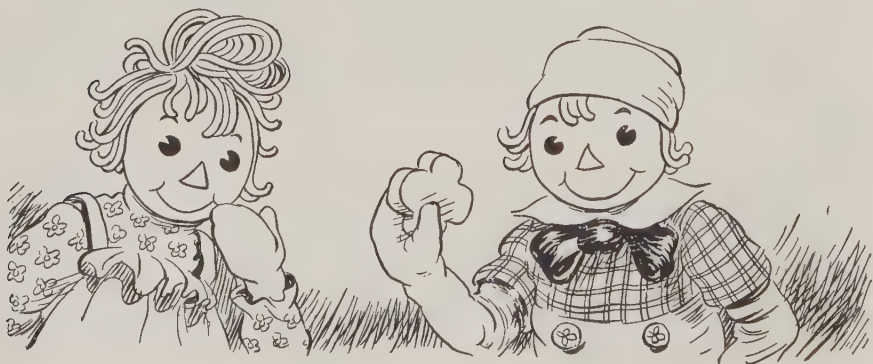
Raggedy Andy ran down the bank as fast as his rag legs would carry him. He stopped beside Raggedy Ann, who sat smiling her cheery, painted smile and smoothing out her dress and apron.

"My goodness!" Raggedy Ann laughed as Raggedy Andy helped her to her feet, "did you see me go tumbling down the hill, Raggedy Andy?"

"Something struck you right in the middle of your back, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy replied. "I saw whatever it was just as you went tumbling through the bushes."

"Do you know, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann said, "when I went tumbling through those bushes, I saw so many colored lights I thought I was seeing a Christmas tree with the lights flying in all directions."

Raggedy Andy sat down beside Raggedy Ann and laughed a soft cottony chuckle. "I know what the colored lights were, dear old Raggedy Ann," he said. "You went tumbling right through a wild cookie bush. And the colored lights you saw was the sun shining on the different-colored candy covered cookies which you knocked from the wild cookie bush. See, Raggedy Ann, here are some of the cookies. They rolled down the hill after you."



"And perhaps you have noticed, Raggedy Andy, that I stopped rolling right beside this ice cream soda water spring?" Raggedy Ann asked.

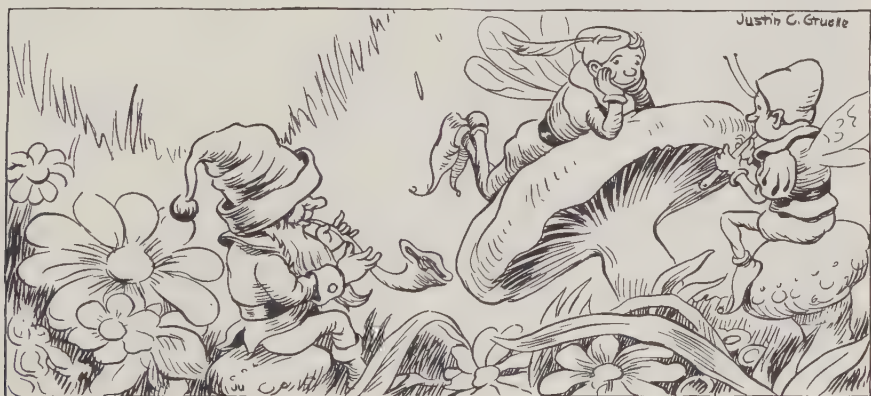
Raggedy Andy had been so interested in Raggedy Ann he had not noticed the magic soda water spring. The magic spring laughed and tinkled merrily as it gurgled up from the ground, and it seemed to say, "Take a cup and drink me up. Take a cup and drink me up."

Raggedy Andy gathered six or seven of the candy covered cookies and handed them to Raggedy Ann. Then he found a lot of cookie cups growing like empty ice cream cones under the ferns. Raggedy Andy filled two of the little cups with the soda water and scooped some of the ice cream which grew all around the magical spring, into each soda.

Then Raggedy Andy sat down in the soft grass beside Raggedy Ann and the two friends ate candy covered cookies and enjoyed their ice cream sodas.

"I 'spect this must be a very magical place, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann said when they had finished their sodas and candy covered cookies.

"Oh, yes, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy said. "I 'spect there are gnomes and sprites and cunning little



teeny weeny fairies all about us, peeping up from the ferns and bushes."

Raggedy Ann wiped the cookie crumbs from Raggedy Andy's face and looked about. "What do you think it was that sent me tumbling down the hill through the wild cookie bushes?"

"I don't know, Raggedy Ann," replied Raggedy Andy, "but just as you disappeared into the bushes, I saw something round and shiny go rolling after you."

"Perhaps whatever it was rolled into the soda water spring, Raggedy Andy," said Raggedy Ann.

Raggedy Andy got a stick and poked about in the chocolate mud at the bottom of the spring but he could find nothing there.

"No, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy decided at last, "there is nothing hard and round at the bottom of the soda water spring."

"Well, no matter what it may have been, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann laughed as she got to her feet, "we have had some lovely magical sodas and candy covered cookies. It just goes to show that what often appears to be a misfortune turns out quite happily."

The Raggedys had started to walk away when they heard a noise from up the hill, and down came a fat man rolling and tumbling towards them. The fat man came to a stop beside them in a shower of candy covered cookies he had knocked from the magical cookie bushes.

Raggedy Ann hastened to give the fat man a drink of the lovely soda water, for she knew that rolling down a hill is sure to make one feel dizzy and perhaps a little thirsty.

After drinking the soda water, the fat man felt much better and his face was not so red.

"Did you see anything come rolling down the hill a few



Siskiyou County
Schools Library

E.S.T.A.
Title II
Phase One



moments ago?" he asked in a more pleasant tone of voice.

"Indeed we did," Raggedy Andy replied, trying hard not to laugh. "We saw you and a lot of candy covered cookies. You scattered them in all directions just as Raggedy Ann did when she came tumbling down."

"I mean, did you see anything large and round, like a ring?" the fat man asked.

"Raggedy Andy saw it," Raggedy Ann said. "Whatever it was struck me in the center of my back and knocked me head-over-heels down the hill."

"That was my ring!" the fat man cried and he shook his round fist at Raggedy Andy. "What have you done with my ring?"

"We looked for it," Raggedy Ann told him. "But we could not find it."

"Don't tell me any fibs," the fat man shouted. "That was my Golden Ring and I must have it."

"All right," Raggedy Ann said in her kindest and most cottony-stuffed voice, "if it is yours, you may take it."

"Silly!" the fat man cried, "how can I take it when I do not know where it is?"

"Don't you be silly!" Raggedy Andy answered back, "how can we tell you where the ring is if we do not know

ourselves? Tell me that, Mister Fat Man. Just tell me that!"

"You may have it in your pocket, Mister Raggedy Andy," the fat man yelled. "I'll soon see!" And he jumped to his feet and caught Raggedy Andy by the arm.

Raggedy Andy tried to wiggle away, but the fat man held on so tightly he ripped a stitch in Raggedy Andy's nice shirt sleeve.

"Now see what you have done, Mister Fat Man," Raggedy Andy cried. "I have a notion to wrestle you and make you feel sorry. Still, if I did that, it would not mend the rip in my nice shirt."

"Ha!" the fat man chuckled, "if you ever try wrestling with me, Raggedy Andy, you will soon find how well I can wrestle. I guess maybe I'm about the best wrestler around here."

"I don't believe it!" Raggedy Andy said as he started to roll up his sleeves.

"There is no good reason for you to wrestle," Raggedy Ann told them. "For there is your Golden Ring lying on the ground right beside you, Mister Fat Man." And, indeed, there was the Ring. It had rolled so that Raggedy Ann had been sitting on it. And when the fat man stopped rolling, he had been sitting on it, too.





“That shows us we should never lose our tempers and accuse others until we are sure we are not at fault ourselves,” Raggedy Ann said.

The fat man picked up the Golden Ring and put it in his pocket. “You knew where it was all the time,” he cried as he walked away through the bushes.

“What a disagreeable person he is,” Raggedy Andy said. “As if we wanted his Golden Ring!”

“Well, perhaps falling down the hill rolled his temper into knots and made him see things in an angry way,” Raggedy Ann said as she picked up a handful of cookies and put them in her apron pocket.

“Perhaps,” Raggedy Andy replied. “But, rolling down the hill did not make you angry, Raggedy Ann.”

“That is true, Raggedy Andy,” Raggedy Ann said. “Still, you must remember that I am only a rag doll and the fat man was a real-for-sure person.”

“And you have a magic candy heart sewed up inside your cotton-stuffed body, Raggedy Ann. Don’t forget that,” Raggedy Andy laughed. “That is why you always do and say nice things to others.”

“Yes,” Raggedy Ann agreed. “I have a magic candy heart, that is true. But real-for-sure people have much

more wonderful hearts than this candy heart of mine if they only knew how to use them."

"You are right, Raggedy Ann, but your magical candy heart has the words *I Love You* printed upon it."

"Very true, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann agreed. "And the same words can be written into every real-for-sure person's heart if he so wishes. It is like a house, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann explained as she took his arm and they walked down the path. "It is just like a house with all the doors and windows closed and the shades drawn. If you want the lovely sunshine of happiness in that house, you must open the doors and windows and put up the shades of selfishness. Then when the sunshine of happiness comes streaming in you will see all the cobwebs of sadness which have gathered in the darkness of selfishness and you can easily clear them away."

"You always know just what to say, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy laughed as he put his rag arm around Raggedy Ann and gave her a loving Raggedy hug.





Chapter Two

THE Raggedys had not walked far down the path through the deep, deep woods before they came upon a queer little house.

The little house leaned lopsidedly and the chimney was crooked. But the window panes were spotless and the front steps had been scrubbed until they were white and shining.

"Do you know what, Raggedy Ann?" Raggedy Andy asked as he pulled on Raggedy Ann's sleeve and held her back. "That looks like a witch's house!"

"Perhaps it is, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann replied. "But if it is a witch's house, she must be a nice witch. See how clean everything is. See all the lovely flowers growing in the pretty little garden. Any one who keeps things looking so nicely, must be a nice person."

"Just the same, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy warned, "perhaps we had better turn around and go back the way we came."

"No," Raggedy Ann laughed. "We have met many witches before this. Why should we be afraid?"

"Oh, I wasn't afraid, Raggedy Ann!" Raggedy Andy chuckled. "But you know some of the witches we have met have been very wicked and we have often had a hard time getting away from them."

"Pooh!" Raggedy Ann laughed, as she opened the little front gate. "See this, Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann pointed to a tiny sign on the inside of the front gate which said, *Come Again*.

"I believe you are right, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy agreed. "Let's go up and knock at the front door."

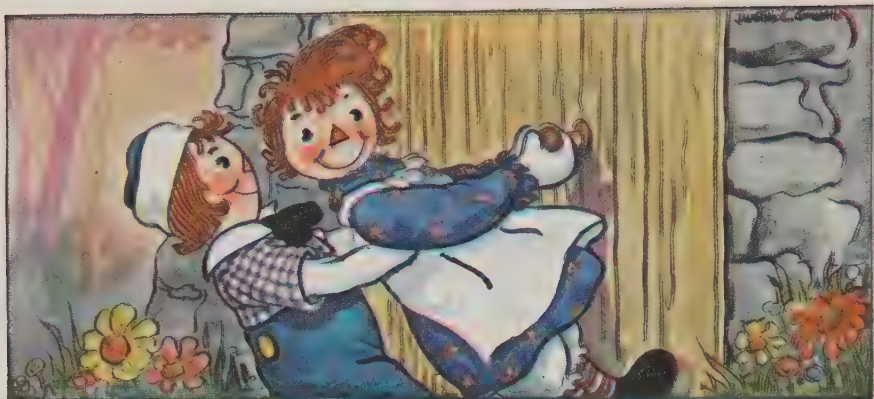
So Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy walked up to the front door and knocked softly with their cotton-stuffed hands. No one answered. "Maybe whoever lives here has gone to the store to get something for dinner," Raggedy Ann said.

"I will run around to the back door and knock," Raggedy Andy suggested. So he ran around to the back of the little lopsided house and soon Raggedy Ann heard him calling, "Oh, Raggedy Ann. Come here!"

Raggedy Ann hurried around to the back of the house where she saw Raggedy Andy on tip-toes peeping in at the window.

"My goodness, Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann cried.





“You must never peep into another person’s window!”

“I know it is not right,” Raggedy Andy agreed. “But when I knocked softly on the door, I heard some one inside say something just as if he had his mouth in a tin cup and was trying to talk. So I peeped in the window, then called to you. Just look in the window and see why I called you, Raggedy Ann.” Raggedy Ann did not like to peep into any one’s window, still she knew it was important or Raggedy Andy would not have asked her to do it.

So, Raggedy Ann peeped in at the window. “My goodness, Raggedy Andy!” she cried and ran to the back door.

Raggedy Ann turned the door knob and pulled as hard as she could and Raggedy Andy helped her and both pulled hard, but the door would not open.

“It is locked!” Raggedy Ann cried. “We must try the front door.” That, they found was unlocked, so they opened it and ran through the house and into the kitchen.

There sat a little old lady in a kitchen chair. Her hands were tied to the arms and her feet were tied to the legs of the chair. Over her head was a tin bucket which came so far down about her neck she could not shake it off.

Raggedy Ann quickly lifted the tin bucket from the little old lady’s head while Raggedy Andy cut the ropes with

18

which she was tied and helped the little old lady to her feet.

Raggedy Ann took from her pocket a candy covered cookie and gave it to the little old lady. This made the little old lady feel so much better, Raggedy Ann gave her several more. Then Raggedy Andy brought a glass of cold water which caused the little old lady to recover very quickly.

"Thank you, my dears!" the little old lady said in a voice that was sad, even though she smiled pleasantly.

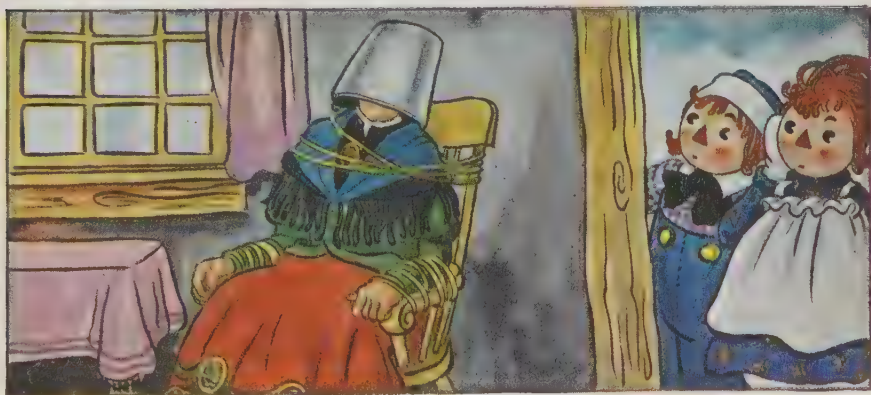
She took Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy into her living room where they found more comfortable chairs and then said, "After sitting in that hard kitchen chair for three or four hours, tied hand and foot, a soft chair feels better. Now tell me, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, how did you happen to come here just at this time?"

"Well," Raggedy Ann said, "we were just walking through the deep, deep woods and saw your pretty little house and thought we would like to know who lived here. When you did not answer our knock at the front door we went around to the back door."

"Are you a witch?" Raggedy Andy wanted to know.

"Mercy, Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed.

But the little old lady patted Raggedy Andy on his rag shoulder. "No, Raggedy Andy," she said, "I am not a





witch. I hope I shall never be a mean old witch like those you read about in some books, because I would not like that even one little bit."

"Indeed not," Raggedy Ann agreed. "No one can be mean or selfish and ever get any pleasure out of it."

"It is very hard to make a mean person understand this to be true, though," the little old lady said.

"Have you rested enough to tell us why you were tied to the hard kitchen chair?" Raggedy Andy asked.

"Yes, thank you, Raggedy Andy," the little old lady said. "First I must tell you my name is Matilda, and I live here all alone. You may think it strange when I tell you that I awakened one day several weeks ago in this queer little house.

"I can not remember who I was or where I came from

before then. It seemed as though that was the very beginning of my life. I could walk and I could talk and I looked just as I do now, but I have no idea of anything before I awakened and found myself sitting in one of these chairs.”

“How strange!” exclaimed Raggedy Ann. “But, Matilda,” she continued, “didn’t any of the neighbors call and tell you something of how you happened to be here?”

“There are no close neighbors, Raggedy Ann,” Matilda replied. “Once in a while, of course, some people like you happened by and stopped to get a drink of water. But there was one rather distant neighbor who came to see me. His name is Mr. Tubbles and he has a grocery store and toy shop and clothing store and almost every other kind of store you can think of, all in one large store.





“The first time Mr. Tubbles called on me, he asked me to buy my things at his store. And I told him I would be glad to do so. Then I went to my magic cupboard and made some nice sandwiches and gave him cake and ice cream.

“Mr. Tubbles was interested in my magic cupboard when he found that no matter what I took out of it another would come at once to take its place, so the cupboard was always full. He asked me to give the magic cupboard to him but, of course, I could not do that because I was not sure it really belonged to me. It was in the house when I awakened here.

“Then, one day I needed some things from his store so I took a large Golden Ring from a glass in the magic cupboard to see if Mr. Tubbles would take that instead of money.

“When I reached the store, I handed the Golden Ring to Mr. Tubbles and asked him how many pennies he would give me for it. He took it to the window and looked at it very carefully. He said he would give me five pennies for it, which he did. Then I bought the things I needed and went home.

“You can imagine my surprise, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, when I put the things away in the cupboard to

see that the Golden Ring had already returned to the glass.”

“Whee! It was a magic Golden Ring, Matilda.” Raggedy Andy cried.

“Yes, it must have been,” Matilda said. Then she continued her story. “When I saw that the Ring had returned to the glass, I again put on my bonnet and ran down to Mr. Tubbles’ store and said, ‘Mr. Tubbles, I have come to return your Ring.’

“‘What Ring?’ he asked. So I told him just what had happened. Mr. Tubbles looked in the drawer where he kept all his money and valuables and the Golden Ring was there just as I had given it to him a few hours before. Yet, I found the same Golden Ring back in the glass in my cupboard. I was sure of that.

“Mr. Tubbles took my Ring and turned it over and over. It looked exactly like the one I had exchanged with him for the pennies. Then he said, ‘Perhaps there were really two of these Golden Rings in the glass, but you saw only one the first time. I will buy this one for five pennies and then see if you find another in the glass?’

“So,” Matilda continued, “that is what I did. And, when I reached home and looked in the cupboard, there was the Golden Ring back in the glass.





“Presently Mr. Tubbles came to see me for he was curious and when I told him about the Ring returning to the glass again, he said, ‘Now I’ll tell you what I will do, Matilda. If you will give me your Golden Ring, I will give you ten pennies for it.’

“‘Excuse me, Mr. Tubbles,’ I laughed, ‘but wouldn’t that be a rather silly thing for me to do? If I gave you the Ring, I would have ten pennies in exchange, it is true, but if I keep the Ring, I can sell it over and over again.’

“‘Quite true, Matilda,’ he said. ‘But who can be sure that the Ring will return to the glass again? Maybe it will only do that twice and has already worn itself out.’

“‘You may be right, Mr. Tubbles,’ I said. ‘And as I would not like to get ten good pennies for a magic Golden Ring that is worn out, I guess I will just keep it myself.’

“Mr. Tubbles did not like me to say that. I could tell he was angry when he left. So, I went to the magic cupboard and took the Golden Ring from the glass and with a pin I made a tiny mark on it. ‘Now,’ I said to myself, ‘when I sell this Ring, I will know whether it really comes back or another takes its place.’

“The next day I took the Golden Ring down to Mr. Tubbles’ store, and before I had a chance to exchange it for pen-

nies, Mr. Tubbles asked to see it. He took the Ring back to a window where the light was better and looked at it very carefully. Then he brought it back to me. And do you know, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, Mr. Tubbles had changed Rings with me. The Ring he gave back to me did not have the tiny pin mark on it."

"Dear me!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed. "When Mr. Tubbles did that he was not honest, Matilda."

"I know it," Matilda shook her head. "At first it made me feel put out at the man. But then I thought, when anyone tries to cheat another, he only cheats himself. He will have to learn his lesson by being cheated himself, though I did not wish to do it. So I just said, 'Mr. Tubbles, I have decided to let you have my Golden Ring for the ten pennies.'"

"'Hmm,' Mr. Tubbles hummed. 'I don't believe I care to give you ten pennies for your Golden Ring now. I really believe the Ring is a two-time Ring and is all worn out.'"

"I said no more to Mr. Tubbles but took the Ring Mr. Tubbles had exchanged for the one I had marked with the pin, and went home. And what do you think? When I looked in the glass in the cupboard, there was the Golden Ring with the pin mark on it. Well, the truth is, Mr. Tubbles tried every way he could think of to get my Ring until





he finally grew so angry he told me he would surely have it.

"Just before you came I heard some one open the front door and tip-toe into the house. I sat down in a kitchen chair and pretended to be asleep. All at once a tin bucket was dropped over my head and before I could move, I was tied by my hands and feet."

"Do you think it was Mr. Tubbles, Matilda?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"I know it was, Raggedy Ann," Matilda replied. "For he went right to the cupboard and I am sure he has taken my Golden Ring."

"Is Mr. Tubbles a fat man, Matilda?" Raggedy Andy asked.

And when Matilda described him, the Raggedys knew the disagreeable fat man they met at the soda water spring was Mr. Tubbles and that the Golden Ring there had really belonged to Matilda.

And, sure enough, when Matilda took the Raggedys to her cupboard, they found the magic Golden Ring was gone.

"How could any one be so mean and selfish as to do such a thing?" Raggedy Andy wondered out loud.

"I can't understand it," Matilda said, as she spread ice cream between thin slices of cake for the Raggedys. "But

I am certain that one will never get any good from that which he takes from another."

"Indeed not," Raggedy Ann agreed. "In order to grow beautiful flowers, we must plant good seeds. If we plant the seeds of selfishness and envy, we must expect only weeds of unhappiness to grow for us."





Chapter Three

I HOPE we can get your magic Ring from Mr. Tubbles, Matilda,” Raggedy Ann said as she and Matilda and Raggedy Andy walked down the path through the deep, deep woods towards Mr. Tubbles’ store.

“I hope so, too, Raggedy Ann,” Matilda said, “because I do not know what I shall do without the magic Ring, I had grown to depend on it.”

“On one of our adventures in the deep, deep woods we met a magician,” Raggedy Ann told Matilda. “If we do not get your magic Ring from old Mr. Tubbles, I think the magician may help us.”

“He was a nice magician,” Raggedy Andy said.

“Well, here we are at the store,” Matilda said as they came upon a large building which stood in the center of a clearing. “I wonder if Mr. Tubbles is at home?”

“It sounds like someone singing and pounding,” Raggedy Ann said as the three friends walked up the path to the building.

As they came up on the porch of the store they heard

louder pounding and scraping and sounds as though things were being knocked from shelves.

"Ha," Raggedy Andy cried as he opened the door, "that was not singing you heard, Raggedy Ann. Just listen!"

And indeed the sound proved to be the howling of Mr. Tubbles and they saw at once why he howled. Mr. Tubbles was being pushed and pulled and thumped by a man they had not seen before. After a while the strange man threw Mr. Tubbles and promptly sat upon him. Then the strange man went through all of Mr. Tubbles' pockets.

"I told you I didn't have the Golden Ring!" Mr. Tubbles shouted as the strange man let go and they both got to their feet.

"I have a notion to give you three more hard thumps just the same," the man cried, and he would have done so if Mr. Tubbles had not run to the back door and scampered off into the woods.

"You had better run!" the strange man cried as he shook his fist after Mr. Tubbles. Then he turned and saw that he was being watched by the Raggedys and Matilda.

"Mr. Tubbles is the meanest man I know," the strange man said as he tipped his hat to Raggedy Ann and Matilda and shook hands with Raggedy Andy.



"My name is Tom!" he went on after the others had introduced themselves. "Yes, sir, he is the meanest man I know. Why! Mr. Tubbles came into my store and bought a suit of clothes and gave me a beautiful Golden Ring in payment. I put the Ring in a box behind my counter. While I was wrapping Mr. Tubbles' package, he must have taken the Golden Ring, for when I looked in the box a little later, it was gone. So I came right over to get the Ring back from Mr. Tubbles."

"Did you get it, Mr. Tom?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"No, Raggedy Ann!" Mr. Tom replied. "I looked through all of Mr. Tubbles' pockets but could not find the Ring."

"It is a magic Ring, Mr. Tom," Raggedy Andy told him. "And it really belongs to Matilda here." Then Raggedy Andy explained to Mr. Tom just how Mr. Tubbles had treated Matilda.

"It does not surprise me at all," Mr. Tom said. "And I hope when Matilda gets home she will find the magic Golden Ring in her cupboard."

"Perhaps the magic Golden Ring did go home, Matilda," Raggedy Ann said. "Let us all go and see!"

"I would like to go with you if I may," suggested Mr. Tom. "Then if Mr. Tubbles has gone to Matilda's again, as I suspect he has, I will be there to help you."

It was a good thing that kind Mr. Tom went along with the Raggedys and Matilda, for, no sooner had Matilda opened her front door than Mr. Tubbles tried to run out the back door. Fortunately it was locked, and before he could get the door open, Mr. Tom had caught him.

"I shall give him a hard thump first," Mr. Tom said. "Then we will see if he has Matilda's magic Golden Ring."

Mr. Tubbles wiggled and twisted and tried to escape,





but Mr. Tom held him tightly with one hand while he thumped him with the other. Then, when Mr. Tom found Matilda's magic Golden Ring in one of Mr. Tubbles' pockets, he took Mr. Tubbles to the front door and sent him running home as fast as he could go.

"That should teach him to stay out of other people's houses when no one is at home," Raggedy Andy said. "When Mr. Tubbles gave the magic Golden Ring to Mr. Tom in payment for the suit of clothes, it came right back to the glass in Matilda's cupboard."

"But I do not understand why there was not a Ring just like it in the box at Mr. Tom's store," said Matilda.

"I'll tell you why, Matilda," Raggedy Ann explained, "Mr. Tubbles, being greedy and selfish, spoiled the magic of the Ring so that it returned without leaving another to take its place. Now to prove this, if Matilda will buy something from Mr. Tom's store, I feel sure the magic Ring will return to the glass in Matilda's cupboard and there will also be a Ring like it in Mr. Tom's store."

"Let's try it," Raggedy Andy suggested. "Matilda can buy something right now from Mr. Tom and give him the Ring in payment. We will watch and see if the Ring returns to the glass in Matilda's cupboard."

"That is a good idea, Raggedy Andy," chuckled Mr. Tom. "How would you like to buy an ice cream cone and a lot of lollipops?"

"I'll buy an ice cream cone and two lollipops for each of us," Matilda said as she gave the magic Ring to Mr. Tom. And as they all stood and watched the glass, Mr. Tom put the magic Ring in his pocket. He had not taken his hand from his pocket before the magic Ring clattered into the glass with a merry tinkle.

"It is wonderful," Mr. Tom cried as he pulled his hand from his pocket and showed them all another ring just like the magic Ring. "I could feel the magic Ring disappear and the other take its place right in my pocket. Now let us all go over to my store and get the ice cream cones."

Mr. Tom told Raggedy Andy and Raggedy Ann and Matilda that it would take a long time to walk over to his store because the night before there had been a heavy rain and the water was high above the stepping stones where he usually crossed over the laughing brook. "Today," he said, "we will have to walk all the way around to the bridge."

"Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy asked, "why not make a wish and have the wish come true? You might wish for





four magical hobbyhorses so we could ride to Mr. Tom's store. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Indeed it would," Mr. Tom laughed. "I haven't had a ride on a hobbyhorse since I was a little boy."

Matilda could not remember if she had ever ridden on a hobbyhorse, but she thought it would be fun.

"You see!" Raggedy Andy explained to Mr. Tom, "Raggedy Ann has a wonderful Wishing Pebble sewed up inside her cotton-stuffed body. It will be easy for her to wish for the hobbyhorses."

Raggedy Ann placed both her rag hands over her shoe button eyes and made the wish. All at once there were the funny looking hobbyhorses—four of them. They were just wooden broom sticks with cute looking horses' heads and a nice saddle on them, and instead of feet, each hobbyhorse had two little wooden wheels.

"All we have to do," Raggedy Ann explained, "is to sit in the saddles and hold our feet off the ground and the hobbyhorses will carry us along as smoothly as if we were in aeroplanes."

"I hope we do not fall down and get bumped," Mr. Tom laughed.

"Never fear," Raggedy Ann said. "I wished for very

gentle hobbyhorses and I am sure we will have a pleasant ride."

And so Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Matilda and Mr. Tom sat upon their hobbyhorses and held their feet up from the ground and called, "Giddap!" They guided the hobbyhorses by the reins and went straight down the path through the deep, deep woods until they came to Mr. Tom's store.

Mr. Tom's store was not so large as Mr. Tubbles' store. In fact, it was so small there was hardly room for Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Matilda and Mr. Tom to get inside at the same time. But even if the store was a teeny-weeny one, it had room for ice cream cones, cans of cookies, suits of clothes and a few other things.

"You see," Mr. Tom told them, "the reason my store is so small is because I haven't the money to make it larger. 'Cause why? 'Cause, if people come to my store and are poor, I let them have what they need for nothing. And maybe you do not know it, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Matilda, but I get a whole lot of happiness from helping people that need help. All my customers like my little store just as much as though it were like Mr. Tubbles' big, fine store."



"I am sure you must get a lot of real joy from helping these good people, Mr. Tom!" Raggedy Ann laughed. "Everyone who gives pleasure to others is sure to add to his own happiness."

Mr. Tom gave Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Matilda two ice cream cones each and ate two himself because they were so good. Then they finished their visit, told kind Mr. Tom "good-bye" and, getting upon the magic hobbyhorses, Matilda, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy rode back through the woods on the way to Matilda's little lopsided house.

As the three friends rode along laughing and talking, they came to a bend in the path and right in front of them, smack in the middle of the path, there was Mr. Tubbles. But he had been home and put on false whiskers and pirate boots and a sash and he thought that Matilda and the Raggedys would not recognize him.

He had a big pop gun with a cork in the end of it. He pointed the gun right at Matilda and shouted, "Now I have you! Just hand me that magic Golden Ring, Matilda!" Then he pointed the big gun at Raggedy Ann and cried, "And I want that wonderful Wishing Pebble you have sewed inside your cotton-stuffed body, Miss Raggedy Ann!"





"You cannot frighten us with your old pop gun, Mr. Tubbles," Raggedy Ann laughed. "Matilda's magic Ring belongs to her and my Magical Wishing Pebble belongs to me and you shall have neither of them."

"Ha! Miss Raggedy Ann! We will see about that." Then Mr. Tubbles pulled the trigger of his big pop gun, POP! just like that. The cork popped out and struck Raggedy Ann right on her cotton-stuffed chest, BLUMP! The cork bounced right back and hit Mr. Tubbles on his red nose so hard it made tears come to his eyes and he sat down on the hard ground with a dull thud.

"I think Mr. Tubbles should be punished," said Raggedy Andy as he looked for a large stick.

But Raggedy Ann exclaimed, "Oh, you mustn't do that, Raggedy Andy! The pop gun cork did not hurt me even a speck and this should teach Mr. Tubbles that when he tries to harm some one, the mean trick will always return to him just as the pop gun cork did. Meanness will harm himself more than any one else." And Raggedy Ann, because she had a lovely candy heart with the words I LOVE YOU printed upon it, took her pocket hanky with the blue border and wiped the tears from Mr. Tubbles' eyes and gave him a cinnamon lollipop so he would stop crying.



Chapter Four

AFTER Mr. Tubbles had eaten his red cinnamon lollipop he felt very much better. And he also felt very much ashamed to think he had been so mean to Matilda and Raggedy Ann. "It is just as Raggedy Ann says," Mr. Tubbles cried. "Whenever I try to take something which does not belong to me, I always get into trouble. So if you will forgive me, I'll promise that I shall never try to get Matilda's magic Golden Ring again, nor will I try to get Raggedy Ann's Wishing Pebble."

This pleased Matilda and Raggedy Ann so much they each kissed Mr. Tubbles on his cheek, and Mr. Tubbles and Raggedy Andy shook hands and promised each other to be very good friends from now on.

"Let us all go to my store and I will treat you all to ice cream sodas," Mr. Tubbles said.

"That will be nice," Raggedy Ann smiled. "Shall we ask kind Mr. Tom to go along?"

"Do you think he might give me another hard thump?" Mr. Tubbles wanted to know.

"I am sure he would be just as pleased as we are to know that you have changed," Matilda replied. "I will go back to Mr. Tom's store with you, Mr. Tubbles, while Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy go right to your store."

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy were pleased to think how now they were all such good friends. Raggedy Ann said, "I will let Mr. Tubbles ride on my magical hobbyhorse and I will ride behind Raggedy Andy. You know," she explained, "Raggedy Andy and I are so very light we can easily ride the hobbyhorse without tiring him."

So Matilda and Mr. Tubbles rode back towards Mr. Tom's store to invite him to the party, and the Raggedys rode toward Mr. Tubbles' store, and all were looking forward to the fun they were going to have eating the lovely ice cream sodas at Mr. Tubbles' store.

Raggedy Andy with Raggedy Ann seated comfortably behind him galloped along the path through the deep, deep woods hoping they might see a fairy or gnome as they rode. They were so eager to see one of the little fairy people and were having such a nice time, they did not notice the magical hobbyhorse had taken the wrong turn in the path when, all of a sudden they came to a queer little house made of stones and bricks.



"Dear me, Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed, "how does it happen that we are here instead of being in front of Mr. Tubbles' store?"

Raggedy Andy did not know. He tried to turn the magical hobbyhorse around so they could return down the path and try to find the right way, but the hobbyhorse rolled straight up to the door of the queer little house and as the door opened the hobbyhorse carried them inside.

Of course, had they known, the Raggedys might have jumped from the magical hobbyhorse, but they were too surprised to think of it.



When they were inside the house, the door slammed shut with a loud bang and startled them so that both Raggedys tumbled from the hobbyhorse to the floor.

This did not hurt even a little bit, for the Raggedys are never hurt when they get bumped. So they sat up and looked around.

It was rather dark inside the queer little house and even though Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy have bright little shoe button eyes, for a moment they failed to see the strange little old man sitting in a large chair by the fireplace.

"Aha," he chuckled in a squeaky voice. "I am glad to see you, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. You did not

know it, but when you were talking about Raggedy Ann's magical Wishing Pebble back there in the woods, I was hiding in the bushes and heard all you said. So I made up my mind that I should have the Wishing Pebble for my very own."

"But, it belongs to Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy said.

"Aha, Mister Raggedy Andy! Perhaps you do not know that when I wish for something I generally get it."

"Then," said Raggedy Ann, "why don't you wish for a Wishing Pebble of your own and not wish to take mine?"

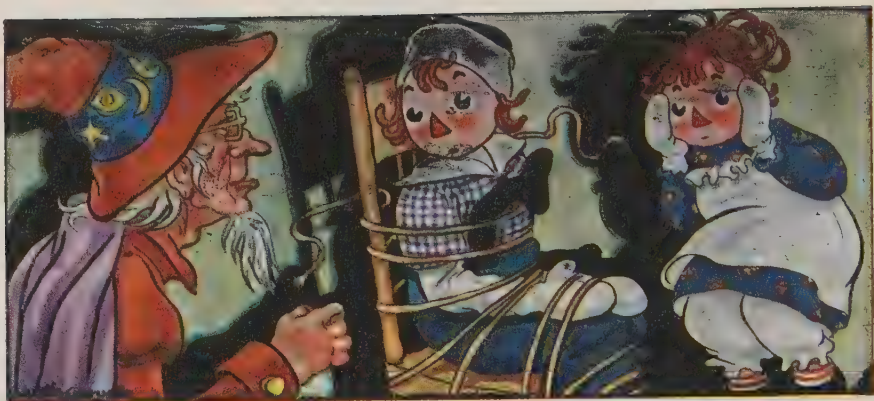
"Yes," Raggedy Andy joined in, "you can easily do that.



So now you can let us return to Mr. Tubbles' store."

"Silly!" the queer little man cried in his squeaky voice, "my magic is not strong enough to wish for a magical Wishing Pebble and have it appear. So that is why I, old Muggles, worked my magic charms and made your hobbyhorse bring you right here. Now, Miss Raggedy Ann, hand me your Wishing Pebble!" And Muggles, the magician, hopped from his chair and caught Raggedy Ann by her arm.

Raggedy Andy caught hold of the queer little magician's coat tails and tried to pull him away from Raggedy Ann. This made Muggles angry and, letting go of Raggedy Ann, he caught Raggedy Andy about the waist and threw



him into a chair. Then Muggles cried, "Hokity-Pokity!" and a string flew into the air and wound itself about Raggedy Andy so tightly his legs were all wrinkled, and he could not move.

"There!" Muggles cried. "That will show you how my magic works when I want it to!" Raggedy Ann ran to the door and tried to escape, but Muggles caught her and had a magical string tie her as tightly as Raggedy Andy.

"Where is the magical Wishing Pebble?" Muggles asked Raggedy Ann.

"Ha," Raggedy Andy laughed. "Even if you had the magical Wishing Pebble, it would not make your wishes come true, Mister Muggles. The only reason Raggedy Ann's wishes come true is because she has a wonderful candy heart with the words, I LOVE YOU, printed upon it sewed inside her cotton-stuffed body."

"Oh, Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann cried, and Raggedy Andy knew that he had said too much.

"Aha!" Muggles chuckled. "Raggedy Ann did not intend you to tell about her candy heart. Aha-a-a! Now I shall have both the Wishing Pebble AND the candy heart. Now I shall work my magic and get them both."

Muggles placed a lot of magic charms in the center of

the room. Then he lit a long candle and placed it beside the charms.

When everything was placed just as he thought it should be, Muggles said, "Both of you must remain very quiet so that my magic will work properly. Watch closely and make no noise!" Then the queer little magician started walking slowly around in a circle while he sang through his nose, "Higgelty-piggelty my black hen, she lays eggs for—"

"Why that is nothing but a Mother Goose rhyme," Raggedy Andy laughed. "That is not magic at all. He, he, he! Oh, dear, how funny!"

This made old Muggles so very angry he could hardly talk. "Now see what you have done, Mr. Raggedy Andy. You have spoiled all my magic by talking. I shall have to begin all over again."

But when Muggles started again, Raggedy Andy laughed so loudly Raggedy Ann spoke to him. "It is impolite to laugh at any one, Raggedy Andy, especially when he is trying so hard to do something."

"I know it is, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy agreed. "But he shall never have your magical Wishing Pebble nor your lovely candy heart."

"Raggedy Andy talks too much," Muggles told Raggedy



Ann. "I will get a needle and thread and sew his mouth shut." The magician started to hunt for a needle and thread, but Raggedy Ann explained, "It would not keep Raggedy Andy from talking if you sewed his mouth shut, because it isn't open. Both of our mouths are painted on. That is why we are always smiling happily."

The magician walked over and looked at Raggedy Andy's mouth and then at Raggedy Ann's mouth.

"So they are!" he exclaimed in surprise, "so they are!" Then he sat down in his big chair and put his head between his hands and tried to think of some way to make Raggedy Andy keep still.

"I shall never be able to work my magic as long as Raggedy Andy talks and annoys me," he said.

"One should never let little things annoy one," Raggedy Ann remarked.

"There now, Raggedy Ann! You are annoying me yourself, and I thought you wanted to help me," and the magician's voice grew more squeaky than ever.

"I'll tell you a secret," Raggedy Ann said.





"But this is not a real-for-sure secret and you may tell others if you wish. The moment you say to yourself this thing or that thing will annoy me, you open a tiny door inside you which lets the annoyance come in. But, if you say to yourself, I am so interested in what I am trying to do I shall let nothing annoy me, then the tiny door stays closed and keeps the annoyance outside."

"That may have been true at one time, Raggedy Ann," the magician said. "But I think I have kept the tiny door open so long the hinges have grown rusty so that my little door cannot close. Now everything annoys me. I cannot have any fun at all. Nobody likes me and I don't like anyone. Everything goes wrong all the time. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And the queer little magician wept so hard the tears streamed off the end of his nose and made a puddle on the floor.

Raggedy Ann, because she had the wonderful candy heart sewed up inside her cotton-stuffed body, felt very sorry for Mr. Muggles. And, even though he was trying to plan a way to steal her heart, she would have wiped away his tears with her pocket hanky with the pink border if she had not been tied with the magic string.

Even though Raggedy Andy did not have a wonderful



candy heart like Raggedy Ann, he felt sorry for the old magician, so he said, "Mr. Muggles, maybe you have kept the tiny annoyance door open a long time, but I am sure if you will allow her, Raggedy Ann can help you find happiness."

"Oh, I wish she could, but it's too late, Raggedy Andy. It's too late!" And the unhappy creature cried so loudly he almost howled.

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Muggles." Raggedy Andy had to shout to make himself heard. "If anyone makes up his mind to really seek happiness, it is never too late."

The little magician wiped his eyes with his sleeve and looked at Raggedy Ann. "Is that really and surely true, Raggedy Ann?" he asked.

"Really and surely, Mr. Muggles," Raggedy Ann answered.

"Then show me how I may find happiness, Raggedy Ann, and I will do anything you ask," Muggles promised.

"All right, Mr. Muggles," Raggedy Ann laughed. "Take all your magic charms and throw them into the fireplace. Go ahead!" she laughed again. "You do not need magic charms to find happiness. We all have far more wonderful charms right in our own hearts if we only would try to use them."

When the magician had thrown the charms into the fireplace and the fire had burned them to ashes, Raggedy Ann told Muggles to untie Raggedy Andy and herself.

"Oh, dear!" Muggles cried. "I have burned up the magic charms so now I can not untie you. OH, DEARIE ME! OH, DEARIE ME!"

But Raggedy Ann only smiled and said, "Now you watch the magic string you put around Raggedy Andy and me." And, as old Muggles watched, he was surprised to see the string unwind itself from Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and the two rag dolls stood up and brushed the wrinkles from their clothes.





Chapter Five

WHEN the magic string unwound itself from Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, old Muggles, the magician, was very much surprised for he was sure that only he and his magic charms could do that. But all Raggedy Ann had done was to make a wish, and, of course, she has a magical Wishing Pebble inside her cotton-stuffed body, so, her wish came true.

Then Raggedy Ann wished for three ice cream cones, one for Mr. Muggles and one for Raggedy Andy and one for herself.

When old Muggles had finished eating his ice cream cone, Raggedy Ann wiped the ice cream from around his mouth and from Raggedy Andy's mouth, too. Then Mr. Muggles said, "My, that was good, Raggedy Ann! Do you know that is really the first food I have enjoyed for ever so long. And if I had not thrown my magic charms into the fire, I would try to make a magic ice cream cone wish for you and Raggedy Andy."

Then, because Raggedy Ann knew old Muggles would

like another, she wished for three more just like the first.

Old Muggles, the magician, had only taken two bites from his ice cream cone when his eyes filled with tears and he began to cry as though his heart would break.

"Dear me, Mr. Muggles!" Raggedy Andy exclaimed. "How in the world can Raggedy Ann teach you to find happiness if you start crying so easily? Just tell me that!"

"Why did I throw my magic charms in the fire? Oh, Raggedy Ann!" the unhappy magician cried, "I caused so many people unhappiness with those magic charms. Now that I have thrown the charms away, how can I ever work the magic to change them back again?"

"Change what back again?" Raggedy Andy asked Muggles.

"Oh, dearie me! I knew it was too late," Muggles sobbed. "I can never find the dear king and queen and all the other people I worked my magic upon. What shall I do?"

"Perhaps if we knew what you are talking about we might help you," Raggedy Ann said in her soft cottony voice.



"I shall tell you the whole sad story, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. You will soon see that it is too late for me to find happiness. Ever since I worked my magic upon them, I felt that I had done wrong and now it makes me very unhappy."

"Then why did you work your magic upon them, Mr. Muggles?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"I did it for meanness because they made me angry," answered Muggles.

"Hmm," Raggedy Ann said. "No wonder it makes you unhappy, Mr. Muggles." And Raggedy Ann's voice grew sad, even though her painted smile seemed as cheery as ever. "You can never find happiness by causing unhappiness. And, when one does something just to be mean, although he may not know it at the time, he has planted seeds in his own heart which grow into weeds of bitterness and sorrow. Perhaps if you tell us all about it you may lessen the sorrow you feel." So old Mr. Muggles told Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy his sad story.

"Within this deep, deep woods there stands a castle. It used to be a lovely castle for it was built of snow white marble and had beautiful red roofs which seemed to reach almost up to the fleecy popcorn clouds as they drifted by. I grew up within the walls of this lovely castle and played with my brother there or out upon the broad lawns which surrounded the castle. We were very happy as boys together and even when we had grown to be young men we were still close companions.

"One day an old woman came by the castle wall where I sat reading. She said that she would sell me a bagful of marvelous charms with which I could work magic. Of course I thought of the power I would have if I could work magic and make my wishes come true, so I bought the

50



Justin C. Gruelle



charms from the old woman. Yes, Raggedy Ann, those were the same charms I threw into the fire a little while ago.

“Well,” old Muggles continued, “at first I had a lot of fun doing magic tricks for all the people in the castle and I might have continued doing harmless tricks of magic such as pulling rabbits out of the king’s crown (the king was my father) or calling out mice to run around the floor and make the ladies scamper to chairs. PERHAPS I might have been satisfied with these tricks if I had not grown jealous of my brother.

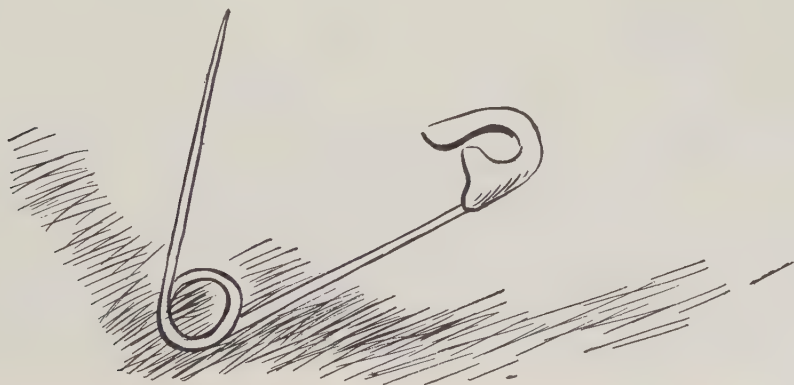
“You see, he was older than I and he would be king when my father was gone. That alone would not have caused my bitterness but for a most beautiful princess who visited often at our castle. I thought she was the loveliest girl I had ever seen and, unfortunately, so did my brother. When at last my brother married the beautiful princess, he had become king and she was his queen. I was filled with sadness then and wished to change their happiness to sorrow, so I hunted for the old woman who had sold me the magic charms and told her that if she would help me, I would give her all the gold she could carry away from the Snow White Castle.

"The old woman said she did not wish gold, for with her magic she could make all the gold she wanted. What she desired most was that I should marry her daughter so they could come to live in the castle. I promised her I would do as she wished, but I was careful not to say when I would do it. Then the old woman gave me a very magical charm. It was a left-handed brass safety pin and with it and my other charms I worked my wicked magic upon my dear brother and his lovely queen."

"Dear me, Mr. Muggles—or I mean, Prince Muggles. What did you do?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"I really cannot say, dear Raggedy Ann," Prince Muggles cried. "I wished with my magic to change my brother into an old man and have him forget his beautiful queen. And I wished the queen to be an old woman and forget my brother."

Raggedy Ann wiped the tears from Prince Muggles' eyes and he continued his sad story. "You see, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, I had worked my magic at night and when I awakened in the morning, I could not find the castle. No matter how hard I tried to work my magic, I could never find out what became of my brother, the king, or of the good queen."





"Maybe your magic worked against you," Raggedy Ann said. "Whenever a person injures another, it always causes him more trouble than the one he has tried to harm."

"Yes, sir!" Raggedy Andy cried. "I'll bet a nickel that Raggedy Ann is right. Even though I am only betting in fun, for I haven't a nickel."

"She is right, Raggedy Andy, for I know that I shall never be happy again until I can undo all the wrong that I have done to the ones I love most."

"And, I am sure they loved you, too, Prince Muggles," Raggedy Ann said.

"Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me! I know it," Prince Muggles cried. "That's what makes it seem worse than ever and makes me so unhappy."

Prince Muggles wiped his eyes and looked so sad, Raggedy Ann wished for another ice cream cone for each of them. When they had eaten the ice cream cones they all felt much better, even though Raggedy Ann had not thought of a way to help Prince Muggles.

Suddenly Raggedy Andy jumped to his feet. "Do you know what, Raggedy Ann?" he asked excitedly. "We have forgotten all about our friends. We were on our way to

get an ice cream cone at Mr. Tubbles' store. They will wonder what has become of us. We promised to meet them. What will Matilda think of us?"

At the sound of this name, old Prince Muggles jumped to his feet so quickly he knocked Raggedy Ann and her chair upside down.

When he and Raggedy Andy had lifted the chair from Raggedy Ann and smoothed the wrinkles from her dress and apron, Prince Muggles said, "You said 'Matilda,' Raggedy Andy? That is the name of the queen. Where is she?"

"We were to meet her at Mr. Tubbles' store, but your magic made our hobbyhorse bring us to your house," Raggedy Ann said. "Maybe she is the one you changed with your magic, Prince Muggles. For she came to live in the little lopsided house."

"Let us go there as fast as we can," Muggles shouted. So Raggedy Andy brought the magical hobbyhorse from the corner where it was eating an ice cream cone which Raggedy Ann had wished for it, and the three climbed upon it and rode lickety-split down the path to Mr. Tubbles' store.





Chapter Six

WHEN Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles, who had been a magician, came to the store of Mr. Tubbles they found the door closed tight and a sign which said:

WILL BE BACK SOON.
WALK IN AND HELP YOURSELF,
BUT CLOSE THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

“Well, your friends have come and gone, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy,” Prince Muggles said.

“Let us ride to Matilda’s house,” Raggedy Ann suggested. “Perhaps when they did not find us here, they went there to hunt for us.”

So, again the three climbed upon the magical hobby-horse and went galloping through the deep, deep woods. When they came to Matilda’s little lopsided house they found all the doors locked.

"Dear me!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed. "Where could they have gone? Do you suppose some one has been after Matilda's magical Golden Ring?"

"Magical Ring?" Prince Muggles asked. "Did Matilda have a magical Golden Ring, Raggedy Ann?" And when Raggedy Ann told the Prince of all their adventures with the magical Ring, Prince Muggles said, "Now I am certain that Matilda is the queen. Oh, I hope we can find her, Raggedy Ann!"

And, of course, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy both hoped the same for they had become very fond of Matilda.

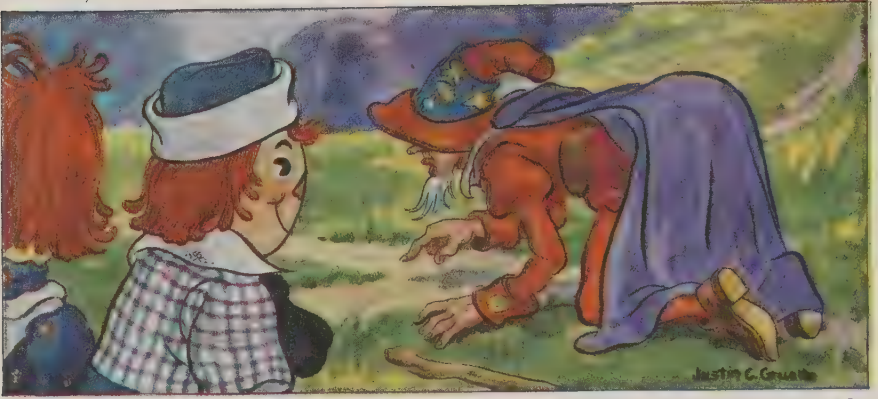
"Maybe if we pretend we are Indians, we can find their trail," Raggedy Andy suggested.

"That is a good idea, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann agreed. "See, there are the tracks of the wheels of their hobbyhorses."

Once more the three climbed upon Raggedy Andy's hobbyhorse and whizzed away down the path, past Mr. Tubbles' store and through the woods.

Raggedy Andy was riding in front and could plainly see the wheel marks of the other hobbyhorses. So, he guided his hobbyhorse down this way and that following the wheel marks.





At last the path came to an end where another path crossed and even though Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles got down from the hobbyhorse and looked over the ground very carefully, they could see no sign of hobbyhorse tracks.

“Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me!” Prince Muggles cried. “What could have happened to them?”

Of course Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy did not know so they could not tell Prince Muggles.

“Perhaps if we rest beside the road and think real hard we may be able to decide what to do,” Raggedy Andy said.

“Let’s walk down this right hand path and find a soft shady place to sit,” laughed Raggedy Ann. “Here are three paths and one seems to be as good as the other.”

So the three walked down the right hand path and Raggedy Andy held the bridle of his hobbyhorse so it would not stray away.

“Whee!” Prince Muggles suddenly cried as he pointed ahead, “see what that sign says, Raggedy Ann?”

FOLLOW THE WAY I POINT
IF YOU ARE HUNGRY

The three read the sign and Prince Muggles shouted, "I am hungry, so let us hurry!"

So Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles hurried. The hobbyhorse hurried, too, because he had to keep up with Raggedy Andy.

In a few minutes they came to a clear place in the deep, deep woods.

"I never saw anything like it," Prince Muggles cried. "See the wild pie plants and the cookie bushes."

"And there is a hot weenie bush growing right near a row of dill pickles," Raggedy Andy cried.

"And here is a lovely soda water fountain," Raggedy Ann laughed. It did not take them long to discover a lot of ice cream cones and lollipops and jelly tarts and ever so many more goodies growing everywhere. So they nibbled here and there until they began to feel sleepy and then, of course, they knew they had eaten quite enough.

"Now I believe we can all think much better," Prince Muggles said as he sat down to rest between Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what you had better be thinking about!" a deep voice said right in back of them. When the three friends turned around there stood a knight all



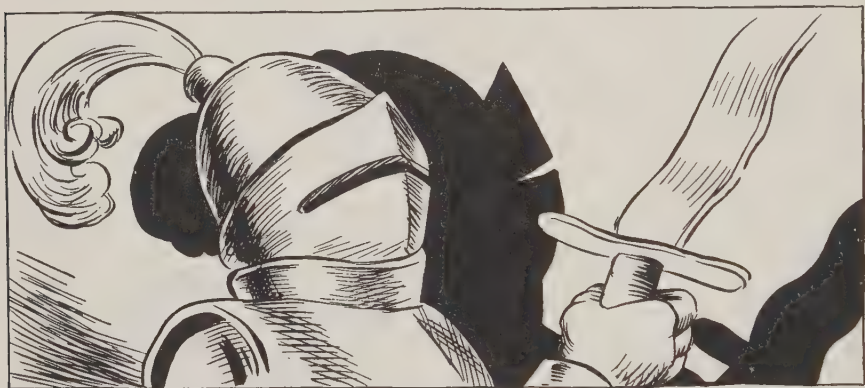
clad in armor with his face so covered that he could only look through slits in the front of his iron hat.

It made his voice sound so deep and hollow, as if he were holding his head in a barrel.

"You'd better be thinking of getting out of here as quickly as you can," the knight boomed on.

"Who says so?" Raggedy Andy asked.

"I say so," the knight replied as he waved his sword. "And," he continued, "I am just about the bravest knight around here."



"Are there any other knights around here?" Raggedy Ann asked very sweetly.

"I'm the only one," the knight replied.

"Then you **MUST** be the bravest," Raggedy Andy laughed.

"If you are trying to make fun of me, you'll be sorry," the knight cried deep down in his iron hat. "I might cut off your nose in one cut of my sword." And the knight waved his sword about in such an alarming manner that Raggedy Ann and Andy and Prince Muggles ran and hid behind a tree.

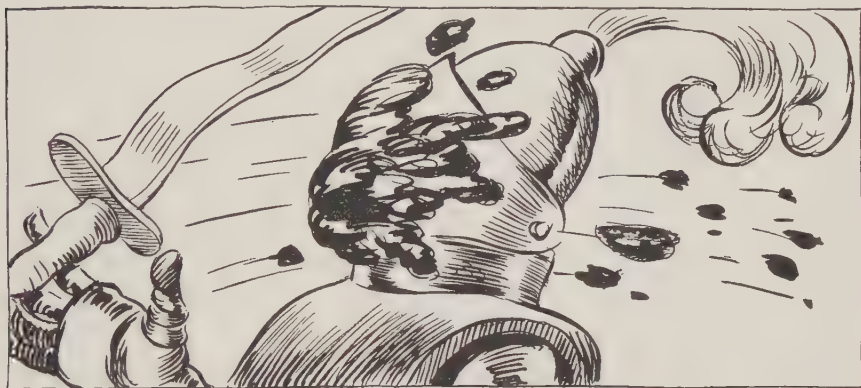
The knight's armor was so heavy he could not run very fast, and the friends could have easily kept out of his way if

Prince Muggles had not tripped over a large chocolate cake. Down went Prince Muggles.

The knight lifted his sword and was about to whack the Prince with the flat side of it when Raggedy Andy ran to the rescue with a large pie.

The large pie struck the knight right where the slits were in his iron hat and splashed so that it filled the slits and ran down the front of his shiny armor.

Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles held their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing out loud as the



knight staggered back and fell to the ground with a noise like a dishpan falling off a kitchen stove.

There lay the knight with his feet kicking in the air and crying for mercy. As the knight had dropped his sword and it was out of reach they knew they had nothing to fear. So Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles lifted the knight so he could sit up. Then Raggedy Andy unscrewed the knight's iron hat and lifted it from his head.

The three friends began to giggle again for the pie Raggedy Andy had thrown was a blackberry pie and the knight's face was streaked with a deep crimson which had run down his neck and looked very sticky.

Raggedy Ann wet her hanky at the soda water foun-



tain and though it was very cold and made the knight shiver and wiggle, still she managed to get most of the pie off his face. "I couldn't get behind your ears very well," she said.

"Mercy me," the knight shivered. "I never had such a fight in all my life. I'm glad no one was hurt though. That wouldn't be any fun at all. Do you know, Raggedy Andy, when you hit me with that pie everything turned red and I lost every speck of my bravery. But it really tasted good."

"I guess it was good pie," Raggedy Andy laughed. "And now that you have your iron hat off, would you like me to bring you another pie just like it?"

"If you promise not to give it to me in the same way," grinned the knight.

So Raggedy Andy found another ripe blackberry pie and brought it to the knight who seemed to enjoy it so much that it made the others hungry, too. They all ate more hot weenie sandwiches and drank soda water.

"Why did you want to cut off our noses, Mr. Knight?" Raggedy Andy asked when the knight had finished his pie and Raggedy Ann had again washed his face with soda water.

"I wouldn't think of such a thing," the knight laughed.

"Just you go over and look at my sword, Raggedy Andy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Raggedy Andy laughed when he had picked up the knight's sword. "It's made of rubber and would not cut warm butter."

"There, you see!" the knight grinned at them all.

"Were you trying to play a joke on us?" Prince Muggles asked.

"Indeed no!" the knight replied. "I was very much in earnest when I told you that you had better be thinking of getting away from here. You probably do not know it, but a mean, stingy, old witch hires me to either capture people who eat the good things here or frighten them away. Why, only an hour ago I captured two men and a very nice lady and the witch has them locked in her woodshed."

"Did these persons have a magical hobbyhorse?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"They had two magical hobbyhorses," the knight replied. "Do you know them, Raggedy Ann?"

"We are searching for them," Raggedy Ann replied. "The lady is the queen of the Snow White Castle."

"Now I know you are trying to fool me, Raggedy Ann. You see, I used to work at the Snow White Castle until it disappeared and I have seen the queen many times. She was





very, very beautiful and just as sweet and kind as she was beautiful," said the knight.

"I know she must have been sweet and kind, Mr. Knight. But really and truly the lady you just captured was the queen and here is Prince Muggles."

The knight waved his hand as if pushing something away. "Nonsense!" he cried. "This man is old and his voice squeaks. Prince Muggles is still a young man, much younger than I."

"Just the same," Prince Muggles broke in, "what Raggedy Ann says is true, and if you will come with us and help us rescue the three in the woodshed, maybe when my magic is unmagicked you will recognize us all."

Then Prince Muggles told the knight his sad, sad story just as he had told it to Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy.

"Hmmm," the knight hummed as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "we must plan some way to fool the old witch or she will change us all into monkeys or something with her magic."

"And that is just what I WILL do," the witch howled as she came riding up so silently on her broom that none of our friends knew she was near.

The witch jumped from her broom and gave the knight

a crack upon the top of his bald head, POP! just like that, only a great deal louder. "How dare you sit there visiting with people when you should be capturing them?" she asked the knight.

The knight rubbed the top of his head and Raggedy Ann knew how it must have hurt, so she made a wish that the knight's head would stop hurting right away, and, of course, the wish came true.

As soon as the knight found that his head had stopped hurting he said to the witch, "I shall never work for you again, old Missus Muzzy Witch. Besides you never have paid me anything for capturing any one."

"Silly," the witch cried. "Haven't I promised you a magic Golden Ring when you captured a person who owned one?"

"Yes, you did!" the knight replied. "But if the person who owns the Ring is captured, what difference does it make? The Ring will still belong to him and it would not be right to take it. So, I shall not only stop working for you, but I shall help Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Prince Muggles rescue the people you have locked up in your woodshed. So there!"



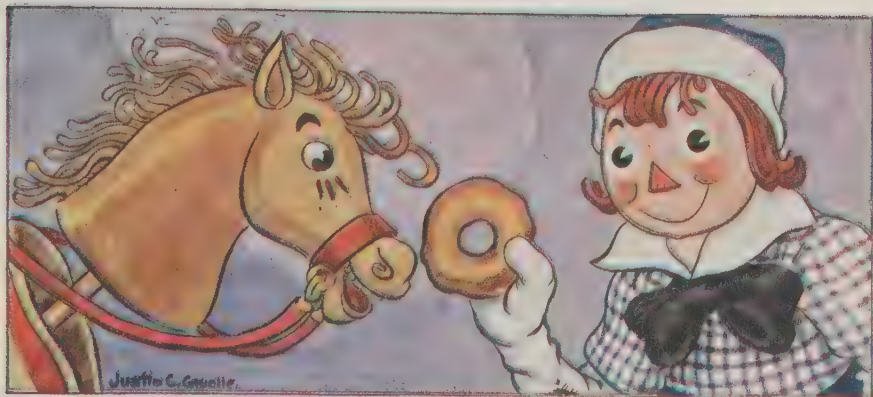
This made the old witch very, very angry and she howled, "Just you wait, Mr. Silly Knight. I shall capture all of you and then I shall work my magic upon you and change you into monkeys or little squealy pigs. You'll be sorry you treated me like this." And she hopped upon her broomstick and went flying back to her house to work her magic.

"Dear me," Prince Muggles said, "now what shall we do? If I had not burned my magic charms, I would see if my magic was stronger than the witch's magic."

"We must plan to do something very quickly or the witch will capture all of us," Raggedy Ann said. "And if that should happen, then we cannot rescue the queen."

So Raggedy Andy gave Raggedy Ann and Prince Muggles and the knight each an ice cream cone and two cream puffs to help them to think better and plan to rescue their friends.





Chapter Seven

I BELIEVE we had better start for the old Witch Muzzy's woodshed and rescue our friends," Raggedy Ann said when they had finished their cream puffs and ice cream cones. "We may be too late even now."

"I don't believe it is too late, Raggedy Ann," the knight said. "There is only one key to the witch's woodshed and I have it in my pocket."

"Goodie!" Raggedy Ann exclaimed. "Let us hurry and unlock the door so that our friends may escape. It is no fun sitting in an old witch's woodshed wondering what is going to happen to you."

So the knight and Raggedy Ann and Prince Muggles caught hold of hands and ran as fast as they could, and Raggedy Andy stopped only long enough to feed his wooden hobbyhorse a wild doughnut—one with a nice large hole in it. Then he jumped onto the hobbyhorse and followed.

Now, there is no telling what might have happened if Raggedy Andy had not tarried behind the others. For, when the knight unlocked the door to the witch's woodshed,

Matilda and Mr. Tubbles and Mr. Tom knew it was the knight for they could hear the creak of his iron armor. They kept very quiet. When the knight poked his head in the woodshed and called, "Oo, hoo!" no one answered. They were afraid that he had come to take them to the witch's house to be changed into monkeys or teeny-weeny squealing pigs. Of course, no one wants to be a pig or a monkey.

When no one answered, the knight walked inside the woodshed and Raggedy Ann and Prince Muggles followed him, for they were anxious to find their friends.

Just as they all got inside, the witch came running up and locked the door. The knight had left the key on the outside.

"Ha, ha!" she cried in her witchiest voice, "didn't I tell you that I would capture you? Now I shall go into my house and start my magic working and then you had better watch out."

And away she went, hoppity-hop towards her crooked little house to start her magic working. Just then Raggedy Andy came riding up and quickly seeing what was happening, he guided his wooden hobbyhorse so that he ran right into the old witch. That sent her flying head-over-heels and surprised her so that she dropped the key to the wood-





shed. She scrambled to her feet and lost no time in getting into the house and slamming and locking the door behind her.

The frightened witch had no idea what it was that had bumped into her so hard, but when she peeped out of her window, she saw Raggedy Andy unlocking the woodshed door and letting Raggedy Ann and Matilda and Prince Muggles and Mr. Tubbles and Mr. Tom escape.

My! Wasn't she angry? She hopped about first on one foot and then on the other, and howled and howled and howled.

"Quick!" Raggedy Andy shouted, hearing the howls, "there is no time to lose! Mr. Tubbles, you must climb in back of me on my hobbyhorse. Matilda, ride with Raggedy Ann on one and the Prince and Mr. Tom on the other of the hobbyhorses."

They all mounted very quickly and the magical hobbyhorses went so fast their wheels barely touched the ground and they sailed over logs and stones with great flying leaps.

When they had gone a long way through the woods and had left the old witch far behind, Raggedy Andy called, "Whoa!" and they all stopped to rest. It was not because the hobbyhorses were tired. Mercy no! Magical hobby-

horses can run all day and part of the night without getting tired. Fact is, they had reached a soda water tree and Raggedy Andy thought they could rest much better beside a nice large soda water tree.

First they gave each of the three magical hobbyhorses a glass of soda water with a long straw in it, then they each had a glass themselves. Raggedy Ann had just started to tell Matilda that she was the queen of the snow white castle, when what should come thrashing through the bushes but Witch Muzzy's broomstick all by itself.

When Witch Muzzy had seen the six friends escaping, she did not know what to do at first. She knew by her magic mirror that Matilda had the very magical Golden Ring which always returned after she had exchanged it with someone for something. Of course, the greedy witch wanted the Ring for her very own, even though it did not belong to her. So she opened the door and said to her broom, "Magic broomstick, fly after them and get in front of them and drive them back here to my woodshed. While you are after them, I will start my kettle brewing and will have my magic all ready when you return."

The magical broom nodded its head (if the whisk part of a broom may be called its head) and sailed away down the trail our friends had taken. Now here it came, thrashing through the bushes to head them off and was surprised to find them sitting quietly and enjoying the lovely soda water.

Perhaps brooms, even magical brooms, should know better than to disturb magical hobbyhorses when they are drinking soda water through straws, but this broom did not. The first thing it did was to rush up to Raggedy Andy's magical hobbyhorse and give it a crack, WHACK! just like that. Over went the hobbyhorse's glass of soda





water before he had reached the ice cream part. Well! the magical hobbyhorse threw up its wooden wheels in the air and sent the broom flying back into the bushes so hard it knocked fifty candy covered cookies from a tall cookie bush.

My goodness! Wasn't the witch's broom angry? Its bristles stood out in all directions and its handle quivered with rage. It seemed to forget everything the witch had told it to do. Now all it wanted was a fight with Raggedy Andy's magical hobbyhorse. And Raggedy Andy's hobbyhorse was ready for it.

When the broom came sailing up with its head raised high to whack the hobbyhorse, the hobbyhorse turned a complete flip-flop in the air and caught the broom with such a whack on the top of its head that it knocked the broom flat on the ground. Then the hobbyhorse rolled its wheels up and down the stick part of the broom and started to eat the broom's bristles. The bristles did not taste even a teeny-weeny speck as good as the ice cream soda, so the hobbyhorse was really glad when Raggedy Andy rushed up and led him away. For you can easily see, just as every one there saw, that the hobbyhorse had not only won the fight but he had knocked all of the magic out of the witch's broom.

"My goodness!" Raggedy Ann cried when she had

poured a glass of strawberry soda water on the broom to make it feel better, "we rushed away from the witch's house in such a hurry, we forgot the poor knight."

So Raggedy Andy said, "Raggedy Ann, if you will wish some new magic into the poor broom, you can ride it and the others can ride the two hobbyhorses while I return to find the good, kind knight."

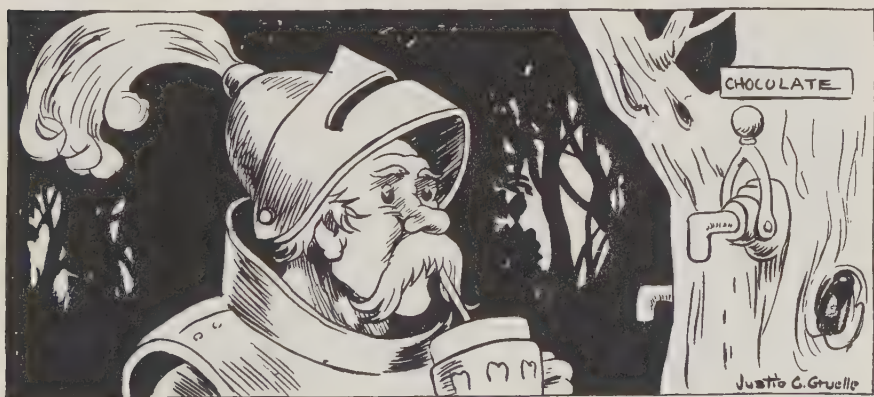
Then Raggedy Ann wished much better magic into the broom than it had before and she and the others rode away.

Raggedy Andy rode his magical hobbyhorse back faster than it had ever carried him before and soon he found the knight trotting along the path as fast as he could in his heavy armor.

"I knew that I would find you," the knight panted, "for, I was sure you were going to the snow white castle. I know just where it stood, even though now it has disappeared."

The knight was very glad to climb up on the magical hobbyhorse behind Raggedy Andy and he was glad to hear that the hobbyhorse had knocked all the wicked magic out of the witch's broom and that Raggedy Ann had given the broom new and better magic.

When they came to the soda water tree, Raggedy Andy





stopped just long enough for the knight to have one soda, for he needed it after running so far in his heavy armor.

Witch Muzzy, when her magic broom did not return with the captives, took only two minutes to look in her magic mirror and learn the reason why. Immediately she hopped around her magic charm kettle and sang her magic songs. When she knew her magic was working properly, she sat down in a rocking chair and chewed her finger nails while she watched the magic mirror to see what would happen.

Raggedy Andy and the knight, back on the magical hobbyhorse once more, were riding merrily along when they came to a large field. As they reached the center of the field, the hobbyhorse started running in a circle just as though it did not know which way to go. And sure enough, it did not. For, coming at them from all directions were the queerest creatures. They were tall and thin and dressed in shiny material something like the knight's armor only much shinier.

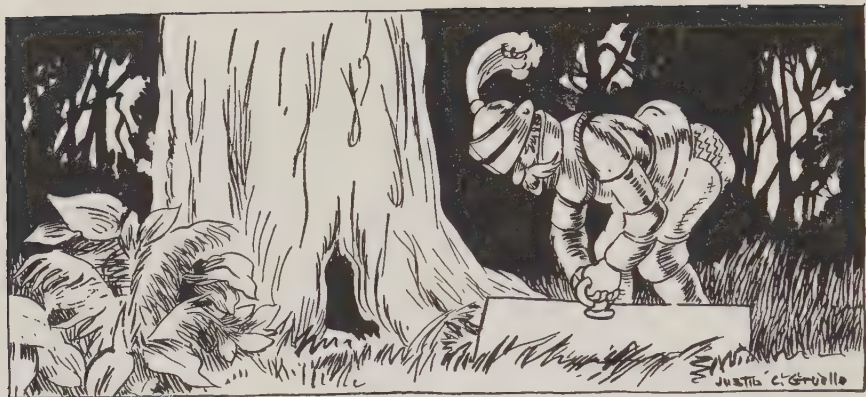
The strange creatures made no sound of any kind, but waving their thin arms they came forward.

Raggedy Andy cried, "Giddy-app!" to his good hobbyhorse. And the hobbyhorse giddy-apped right smack into the strange creatures. The hobbyhorse knocked them in all

directions but he was forced to stop suddenly and Raggedy Andy and the knight rolled off the hobbyhorse. The strange creatures fell upon Raggedy Andy and the knight and tried to squeeze them in their thin arms. Raggedy Andy and the knight wrestled and wrestled with these funny things. Then Raggedy Andy caught one of the creatures and squeezed it so hard its hat flew off and it became as flat as a tube of toothpaste when it is almost used up. When the knight saw this he joined Raggedy Andy in catching and squeezing the strange creatures until there were none left to squeeze. Raggedy Andy looked at the knight and the knight looked at Raggedy Andy. Then they both laughed and laughed, for, there they sat, two of the funniest looking sights imaginable. They were covered from head to foot with every color of the rainbow. For, all this time they had been fighting with magical tubes of paint and each time they squeezed a tube, its cap flew off and the paint came curling out the top.

Of course, Raggedy Andy knew at once who had sent the tubes of paint to fight with him and the knight, and for fear the witch would send something else, he hopped on his hobbyhorse and the knight climbed up behind and they galloped away and without further adventure they reached





the hollow where Raggedy Ann and the others were waiting for them.

Every one had a good laugh at Raggedy Andy and the knight and Raggedy Andy and the knight laughed, too, for they knew how funny they must look.

"Well, now that we are here," Raggedy Andy said, "which way shall we go?"

No one seemed to know except the knight and he said, "Perhaps I had better show you the way. There is only one secret passageway that I know about since the Snow White Castle disappeared, and I can lead you to it in a very few minutes. Just follow me!"

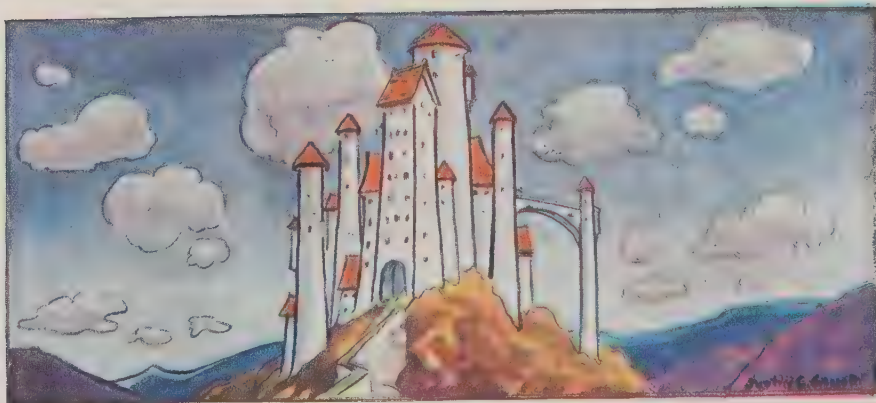
They all followed the knight and presently he stopped at the foot of a great tree. There, hidden under a beautiful clump of ferns, was a large stone slab.

The knight lifted the stone which opened just like a door, and every one, even the magic broom and the hobby-horses, went inside. The knight told them all to stand still. When he had closed the stone door, everything was very dark. Then the knight opened another stone door and told them all to walk out.

The Raggedys could scarcely believe their shoe button eyes. Although they had walked only a few feet inside the tree, from one door to the other, they stepped out into a country to all appearances miles away from where they had been just a minute or two before.

All about them was a lovely lawn where deer stood about like statues. Birds sat upon limbs of trees as if they had been carved there. And in the distance with its red roofs and turrets almost touching the soft, velvety clouds was the beautiful Snow White Castle.





Chapter Eight

WHEN Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy first looked out upon this wonderful sight, it was so lovely they could not say a word. They just stood and looked at the lovely grounds and the wonderful Snow White Castle.

At last they turned to speak to their friends and then both Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy were so surprised, they just let their rag legs wobble under them and sat down with two soft, cottony BLOOMPS on the velvety, green grass.

When Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy had stepped out of the secret passageway which the knight had opened for them in the tree, Matilda, fat old Mr. Tubbles, skinny little old Prince Muggles, kind Mr. Tom, and the knight had been with them.

Now, as the Raggedys looked, they saw that their friends had disappeared and in their places stood four young persons. There they stood, like statues. Just like the deer and the birds.

"Ah-h," was all Raggedy Ann could say.

"They have changed back to what they were before the magic worked upon them, Raggedy Ann," Raggedy Andy said.

"Yes," Raggedy Ann agreed in a wee voice. "The lovely lady is the queen. Mr. Tubbles is the king. I do not know who Mr. Tom is. And old Mr. Muggles is the prince just as he said he was, but very much younger and handsomer than I thought he would be."

"But why do they all stand there like wax figures, Raggedy Ann?" Raggedy Andy asked. "And where is the knight?"

Raggedy Ann wondered the same thing, so, of course, she could not tell Raggedy Andy. "Let's look for the knight first!"

They started to look and soon discovered the knight was still inside the tree. There they found him sitting fast asleep.

Raggedy Ann offered him a candy covered cookie, but even this failed to awaken him. Then the Raggedys shook him so that his iron clothes rattled like a tin bucket in a wash tub.



"We must get him out into the sunshine," Raggedy Ann told Raggedy Andy. The knight was very heavy, but the Raggedys were strong enough to drag him out of the tree and into the bright sunshine.

Then Raggedy Andy pulled the knight's nose and he yawned and opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he asked. Then, recognizing the Raggedys, he said, "Oh, yes! Now I remember. Well, well, well!" he remarked when he saw Prince Muggles, "it really was Prince Muggles after all. And the king and queen. And Mr. Tom was really the queen's father. Well! Well! Well!"

"But they stand there like wax statues," Raggedy Andy said. "What had we better do?"

"We'd better get them to the castle if we can," the knight replied. "It would never do to let them stay here. What if it should rain? They would get all wet."

"Of course they would," Raggedy Ann laughed. "And so would we."

"Let us put them on the magical hobbyhorses and the magical broom, then, if we go very slowly, perhaps they will not fall off."

This suggestion of the knight seemed a wise one to the Raggedys, so they carefully lifted the queen and the king





and the queen's father and the prince upon the magical broom and hobbyhorses and all went very slowly into the castle.

"This reminds me of the story of Sleeping Beauty," Raggedy Ann said. "Everyone seems to be sound asleep."

"Even the cat and the puppy dog over there in the corner," Raggedy Andy pointed with his rag thumb. "We must be very, very quiet."

"Of course there is no need to make a noise, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann laughed. "But, why should we be quiet?"

"Because we may awaken them," Raggedy Andy replied.

"But, dear old Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann again laughed as she gave Raggedy Andy a big hug, "that is just what we wish to do—wake them!"

"So it is," Raggedy Andy agreed.

The Raggedys and the knight told the hobbyhorses and the magic broom to carry the king and queen to the throne room where the good knight and Raggedy Andy lifted each to his proper seat. The queen's father, who had been Mr. Tom, was placed in a seat at one side of the throne and



Prince Muggles was placed in a seat at the other side of the throne.

"Now what shall we do?" the knight said, looking puzzled.

"I don't know!" Raggedy Ann said.

"Have you tried thinking real hard, Raggedy Ann?" asked Raggedy Andy.

"I have been thinking," Raggedy Ann answered, "but perhaps now, if I try a little bit harder, I can think much better."

"Perhaps if the knight wrinkles your rag forehead, you may be able to think better," Raggedy Andy suggested.

"Perhaps," Raggedy Ann agreed.

So the knight wrinkled Raggedy Ann's forehead and presently she said, "I have thought of something."

"What is it?" Raggedy Andy and the knight wanted to know.

"It's the magical Golden Ring that Matilda had," Raggedy Ann said.

"I thought of that when we first came out of the tree," Raggedy Andy said.

"If you had only mentioned it, you would have saved





Raggedy Ann all the bother of having to think so hard," the knight chuckled.

"Oh," Raggedy Ann laughed. "It really is never a bother to think, Mr. Knight. It is always a pleasure. But about the Golden Ring. What did you think, Raggedy Andy?"

"Well," Raggedy Andy answered, "I just thought, here this whole adventure has been because of the magic Golden Ring, and I wondered where it could be."

"Why!" Raggedy Ann laughed, "it must be in Matilda's—I mean, the queen's pocket. I will see if it is there."

So, Raggedy Ann went up to the queen and felt in her pocket and, sure enough, there was the magical good luck Ring.

Just as Raggedy Ann touched the Golden Ring in the queen's pocket, a little wizened old woman came running into the throne room. She was so excited she knocked over three soldiers who stood guard at the door and tipped over a very fat lady who looked as though she might have been a duchess.

This caused a great commotion in the throne room.

Courtiers and ladies rushed to the aid of the fallen fat lady who might have been a duchess while the funny little old woman continued her wild dash in the direction of the throne where Raggedy Ann stood holding the Golden Ring in her hand.

The little old woman dodged this way and that bumping into the surprised people as she went.

But just as she put her foot on the first step toward the throne, the stalwart soldiers of the King's Bodyguard caught her and held her firmly even though she kept right on kicking and squirming as hard as she could.

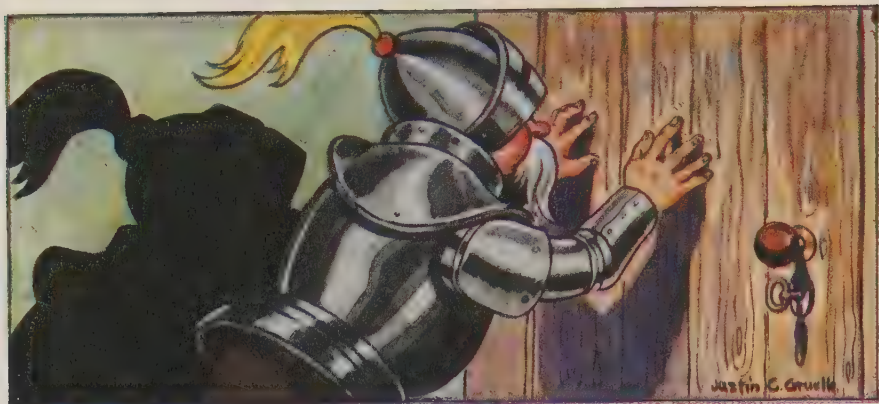
Suddenly the little old woman slipped quietly to the floor.

She had fainted from her exertion and the excitement.

Raggedy Ann stepped down from beside the throne and fanned the old woman with her pocket hanky.

It was but a few minutes when suddenly the little old woman opened her eyes and got quickly to her feet.





"Do not touch that Golden Ring!" the little old woman screamed. And she would have struck Raggedy Ann with her crooked cane if the knight had not stepped in so that the blow made a dent in the knight's shining armor.

"Now here!" cried the knight, "none of that! Raggedy Ann has thought of the Golden Ring and she shall have it." And with that the knight carried the little old woman to a closet and put her inside and locked the door.

"Raggedy Ann has the magic Golden Ring," Raggedy Andy told the knight. "And now she is thinking what to do with it."

"Aha!" Raggedy Ann finally cried after she had held the magical Ring for two minutes, during which time she never moved. "Now I see it all. That wicked old woman in the closet is to blame for everything. This magical Golden Ring was given to Queen Matilda by the king on their wedding day, and it had been given to the king by Prince Muggles. And Prince Muggles had been given the magic Ring by this old woman.

"The old woman hated Prince Muggles because he loved the sister of the queen and did not love her daughter, as she had planned for him to do. So, she gave Prince Muggles

the magic Ring and filled it with so much magic that it put every one in the castle to sleep. As soon as all were sound asleep, the little old woman moved the queen and the king and the prince and the queen's father outside the secret passageway through the tree. But the sister of the queen was hidden away by the old woman—somewhere. Even I have no idea where.

“Her magic worked on all of them but Prince Muggles. Perhaps it was because of his love for the beautiful princess, for, love in a person's heart does strange and wonderful things, you know.”

Raggedy Andy and the knight nodded and Raggedy Ann continued.

“Prince Muggles seemed to remember who he was, but he got everything mixed up in his waking dream. Of course, the little old woman had changed them in appearance but she did not want them to wander far from their old home. And the old woman knew that if they got their heads together they might figure out how to break the magic spell and she would lose the Golden Ring forever. As soon as she got her revenge on Prince Muggles, she expected to get back the magic Golden Ring.





"The little old woman thought if she put Matilda in the little lopsided house, Mr. Tom in charge of the little store, Mr. Tubbles in charge of the big store and gave some magic charms to Prince Muggles, they would soon quarrel and destroy each other. Then the Magic Ring would belong to her. For, you know that no one could steal it from Matilda. It always returned to her no matter what happened."

"Whew, Raggedy Ann!" exclaimed Raggedy Andy and the knight both together. "Who told you all that?"

"Perhaps you did not know, Sir Knight, about memory. Everyone has a memory, but I wished for a magic memory mirror in which I could see what all these good people had forgotten. Memory mirrors are invisible to other people but very real to the person looking in one. It was in this magic invisible mirror that I saw just what I have been telling you." And when she had finished speaking, Raggedy Ann held the wonderful Golden Ring in her right hand just over the place where the candy heart is sewn inside her cotton-stuffed body, close by the Wishing Pebble.

"I shall make a wish," Raggedy Ann said.

The room was very quiet for a long moment, then everyone began to stir and soon they all came to a full awakening. Queen Matilda and the king and the prince and the

queen's father all crowded about and hugged and kissed Raggedy Ann.

"We could hear you talking all the time we have been sitting upon the throne. We shall never be able to thank you enough, dear Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy," said Queen Matilda.

"And, we will make the brave knight a count or duke or a very high admiral for helping us," the king declared.

"And Raggedy Ann shall have my magical Golden Ring for her very own!" Queen Matilda proclaimed.

Everyone thought this was just the thing to do, for even the courtiers and the ladies-in-waiting and everyone else who had been standing around like wax figures had heard the talk, even though they had seemed sound asleep.

"So," Queen Matilda said. "I give you the wonderful



Golden Ring, Raggedy Ann. And it shall be your very own, just like the magic Wishing Pebble.”

“Thank you, Matilda!” Raggedy Ann said in her soft cotton-stuffed voice. “If it is my very own, I shall make a wish that upon every spot where we met with an adventure, a tree shall grow and hundreds of shiny magical Golden Rings shall grow upon every limb, so that whenever any one with a kindly heart shall come along, he may shake the tree and have a magic Golden Ring fall down to him.

“And the Ring shall bring him good luck as long as his heart is generous and kindly. But if he does anything selfish, or is unkind to another, then the magic of the Ring will end. And,” Raggedy Ann continued, “the magical Ring trees will grow in other places besides in the deep, deep woods so that it will be possible for good little girls and boys and older people, too, to find the good luck Rings and keep them for the good they will bring.”

“This will all come true,” Raggedy Andy said, “for Raggedy Ann’s wishes are kindly and generous and unselfish.”





Chapter Nine

EVERY one who lived in the beautiful Snow White Castle was so happy now that the magic of the wizened old woman was at an end that lovely Queen Matilda planned the finest ball that any one outside a fairy story had ever seen.

The brave, good knight was made a duke and dressed in fine silks and satins and he danced with Queen Matilda and the other lovely ladies of the court. And the king danced with Raggedy Ann.

What a lovely time they all had!

When they all finally went into the great banquet hall, Queen Matilda noticed that Raggedy Ann was very quiet, so she asked, "Dear old Raggedy Ann, why are you so quiet? Are you tired?"

"Oh, no, Matilda," Raggedy Ann replied. "Rag dolls never get tired, you know. Sometimes we pretend we are tired and need to rest. That is usually because we are near a magic soda water tree or an ice cream mud puddle or some other place where wild goodies grow. I was just quiet

91



because I was thinking way back in my cotton-stuffed head that the poor little old woman is still locked inside the closet while we are having such a nice time.”

“Dear old Raggedy Ann,” Queen Matilda cried, “it must be lovely to have a wonderful candy heart with the words I LOVE YOU printed on it. You always think of kind things to do for others, even though they have been unkind to you.”

Raggedy Ann smiled her happy, painted-on smile for the lovely queen. “And you and every one else can print the same magic words, I LOVE YOU, upon your hearts if you wish,” Raggedy Ann said. “And when you do, then you too, will feel just as if a great rainbow of happiness was shining inside you and you will want to help others just as I do.”

Then lovely Queen Matilda spoke to the king and the king had the little old woman brought to the banquet table.

“Perhaps you had better talk to her, Raggedy Ann,” the king suggested.

So Raggedy Ann stood before the old woman and with her rag thumb, Raggedy Ann drew a circle upon the old woman’s forehead and in the circle she put a dot. “That,”

said Raggedy Ann, "is a very, very magic symbol. It is the best one I know." Then Raggedy Ann spoke some very magical words, "*Seventimesseven are leventyleven.*" And every one present was amazed to see the change that took place with the little old woman.

She smiled and then she laughed and then she cried as though her heart would break. "She is crying because she is happy," Raggedy Ann said. So, every one cried with happiness, too.

Then when Raggedy Ann dried the little old woman's tears with her blue bordered hanky, the little old woman took Prince Muggles' hand and led him out of the banquet hall.

Every one wondered where they were going, but in a few moments they returned and with them was the beautiful princess, Queen Matilda's sister.

"I had her locked in a room at the top of the castle," the little old woman said. "Now, Prince Muggles may marry her and live happily ever after, just as they do in real-for-sure fairy tales."

Of course the pretty princess wished to marry Prince Muggles just as much as Prince Muggles wished to marry the lovely princess. So, immediately after the banquet





every one went to the great hall, where all of the great balls were held, and Prince Muggles and the pretty princess were married.

As a wedding gift, Raggedy Ann gave the princess the magical Golden Ring and told her to plant it in the castle garden so that every one in the beautiful Snow White Castle could have a good luck Ring and enough to give one to each of their friends with good and kindly hearts.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy would have been very happy to stay longer with their friends at Snow White Castle, but their wonderful adventure had kept them away from home so long, the Raggedys knew the other dolls would wonder where they were.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy kissed every one good bye, even the little old woman. And Queen Matilda and the king and Duke Tom and Prince Muggles and the pretty princess and the kind, brave knight went with them to the secret passageway in the great tree.

The knight, who was now a duke, opened the stone doors of the tree and every one cried, "Goodbye; come a gain to see us!" And Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy walked through the secret passageway, opened the door and found themselves out at the other side of the great tree.

The Raggedys looked back, but they could not see their friends or hear them, even though they knew they were only a few feet away. Still, within their cotton-stuffing, the two rag dolls could feel a warm, sunshiny glow of happiness and they knew it was caused by the loving thoughts of those dear friends they were leaving.

As they walked along through the deep, deep woods filled with fairies and everything, Raggedy Ann took her pretty white hanky and wiped her shoe button eyes. And Raggedy Andy wiped his shoe button eyes with the sleeve of his pretty striped waist, for the dew of happiness will always come to the eyes of those who carry the love of others with them wherever they may go.

Whenever they came to one of the magic trees Raggedy Ann had wished for, Raggedy Andy gave the tree a hard shake and the magical Golden Rings came clinking to the ground where they could easily be found by any one with a kindly, generous heart who might pass that way.

So, I hope you may find one of the magical good luck Rings, for, by the finding you will know that you have a kindly, generous heart.



42044

All These Books About

RAGGEDY ANN and RAGGEDY ANDY

Johnny Gruelle's famous stories of these lovable dolls have amused and fascinated millions of children and will continue to do so as long as imagination, action and brilliant color retain their power to interest and amuse. These volumes are ideal gifts for any child.

Raggedy Ann Stories

Raggedy Andy Stories

Raggedy Ann in the Magic Book

Raggedy Ann and the Golden Butterfly

Raggedy Ann and Andy and the Nice
Fat Policeman

Raggedy Ann in the Deep Deep Woods

Raggedy Ann in Cookie Land

My Very Own Fairy Stories

Friendly Fairies

Raggedy Ann and the Camel with the
Wrinkled Knees

Raggedy Ann's Wishing Pebble

Beloved Belindy

Raggedy Ann and Betsy Bonnet String

Raggedy Ann in the Snow White Castle

Raggedy Ann and the Hobby Horse

Raggedy Ann and the Golden Ring

Raggedy Ann and the Happy Meadow

Raggedy Ann and the Wonderful
Witch

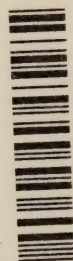
Raggedy Ann's Lucky Pennies

Raggedy Ann's Magical Wishes

Marcella

Wooden Willie

SISKIYOU CO OFFICE ED/LIBRARY



T 42044

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC.

A Subsidiary of Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc.

Publishers • INDIANAPOLIS • KANSAS CITY • NEW YORK

\$ 2.95

